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No. 10. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 18. 1864.

THE FAIR MOVEMENT IN THE LOYAL STATES.—No. 9.

THE PITTSBURGH SANITARY FAIR.

THE Fair at Pittsburgh had its origin in very much the same motives which had influenced the friends of the Commission at Chicago. No city in the country is more eminently loyal or devoted to the cause of the soldier than Pittsburgh, but a constant drain upon the sources of supplies in kind, seemed nearly to have exhausted them. The Sanitary Commission has a most active agency in that city, presided over by the well known Christian philanthropist, J. R. BRUNOT, Esq., a gentleman whose warm heart led him to every battle-field in the earlier history of the war, and whose devotion to the wounded on the Peninsula was rewarded by an imprisonment of some length in the filthy dungeons at Richmond. The agency of the Commission at that point has not only taken care of the sick and wounded soldiers at the front, but it has remembered also those who passed through that city on their way to the army. It supplies the funds by which the "Pittsburgh Subsistence Committee" performs the same grateful task which has been so long and so successfully carried on by our Refreshment Saloons here, feeding hundreds of thousands of weary and hungry soldiers as they march to battle. Nothing is more striking or more beautiful in the philanthropic spirit which this war has developed, than the generous and hospitable treatment which the national soldier has received as he entered Pennsylvania, whether by her Eastern or Western frontier.

These labors of love on so grand a scale, of course, required for their proper execution large means, and the friends of the Commission in Pittsburgh determined, after much reflection, to try the same experiment which had proved so successful elsewhere. This was done in entire ignorance on the part of its projectors that a Great Fair was in contemplation here, to be held about the same time which had been proposed for their own. The Fair was opened on the first of June, and though, of course, sufficient time has not yet elapsed to ascertain the result, yet, from all the accounts we receive, it cannot be doubted that the Pittsburgh Sanitary Fair will prove a magnificent success. From the descriptions which we take from the journals of that city, the arrangements would seem to be of the most extensive kind, and the inaugural ceremonies very imposing.

As the "Horticultural Department" is confessedly one of the most beautiful features in our own Fair, it may be a matter of interest to know what our sister city has done in the same direction. Here is their own description of their Floral Hall:

The crowning feature of the Fair is Floral Hall. Whether it is regarded as a beautiful creation of artificial scenery, or viewed as an assemblage or grouping together of several pictures so as to unite in harmony and symmetry a grand result, certain it is the accomplished artist has produced a work of surpassing loveliness. When you enter this temple the eye is charmed with the rare combinations of rock and tangled tufts of vegetation, rustic arbors, flowers, fountains, cascades, dropping water, gurgling streams, evergreens, statuary, bowers, &c. What strikes the beholder first, as he comprehends the picture, is the singular unity and congruity of parts observable in the entire arrangement. The grand design of the artist is to illustrate the progress of man in civilization as evidenced by his architectural and topographical surroundings.

The canopy, from which light is thrown upon the forest of different sections of the globe, is composed of the national emblem—our starry banner—entwined in red, white and blue cloth—with arches of evergreens connecting with the other portions of the scene and surmounting the whole. Encircling the hall is a series of booths, of entirely different architecture, from the rude structure framed out of the native forest tree, to the more advanced gothic style. On either side are two vistas or canopied walks, so shaded as to produce the beautiful illusion of great extent or distance. The arches are richly festooned with evergreen. At the southern end is the "Garden of Eden," while in the northern extremity of the hall is the "Bower of Rest," and the "Cascade." On the central piece there has been great care observed to carry out the harmony of the scenic creation. It presents six sections of the globe. The first is a striking scene upon the Rhine; standing in front, the castle is observed at the top of the mountain slope, roads in gentle curves passing through the grounds of the peasantry beneath; while cottages, water-mills, sheep grazing in the distance, jets of water and gurgling streams, combine to form a view of great beauty and attraction; at the base of the mountain is a glassy lake, whose margin is fringed with aquatic plants and flowers.

the war fast enough," though what that had to do with the suffering soldier, my dull comprehension failed to see." Jones wanted first to "see his wife" about it, and Smith had already given to the Pittsburgh Fair, before he knew Philadelphia was to have one, which to me didn't look *fair* at all. So it went, Mr. Editor, with your humble servant, and probably to many other of your humble servants, who worked on the Committees, but I am happy to say, the long and dispiriting lane had its turning at last.

I soon found that Philadelphia—great, generous, loyal Philadelphia, was true to herself and the cause, that our country has so much at heart. In the course of my wanderings, the "Pecksniffs" began to count in the minority, and the "Brothers Cheeryble" to assume magnificient proportion in my memorandum book.

Those of the latter class received me with a genuine hospitality, were polite in their demeanor, and expressed themselves as thankful for the opportunity of aiding, to the best of their ability, the cause of loyalty, of Union, and of genuine charity. How well they fulfilled their promises may best be known by walking through the rooms of our beautiful Fair, and inspecting the rich and varied articles which the wealth and liberality of our citizens have here gathered together.

Yours, respectfully,

A COMMITTEE MAN.

HOW THE SANITARY IS WORKING IN THE FIELD—NO. 5.

[From Our Correspondent with the Army of the Potomac.

WHITE HOUSE, VA., June 8, 1864.

The burial of the dead is a most laborious and interesting branch of the works of the Commission. It is entrusted to one gentleman to superintend, and it may surprise you to know that so few burials have occurred here since this *water base* has been established. Those who are killed in battle, of course, are not estimated in the records, but of the wounded who are brought to these hospitals, there have been eighty-seven deaths. It is possible that a few may have been buried by their friends outside of the cemetery, and a very few removed to their families, but the number above stated have all received Christian burial, and their names, and the number of their graves, carefully recorded in a book provided for the purpose.

There are several ladies engaged in special duty here, and they all are at liberty to draw on the supplies of the Sanitary Commission. That they use their liberty and distribute abundantly, is most manifest; they do so with the grateful assurance on the part of the Commission that their distributions are generally made with judgment, as it is certain they are with earnest interest in the cause of humanity.

I will only refer now to Mrs. Holstien, and her assistant Miss Brower, who have a little tent which is their home, and adjoining it is what is known as a "fly," under which is the kitchen. A "fly" is a canvas roof, supported by poles, as a tent, but without walls or sides. It is secured to the ground by cords, and is thus open for some feet above the ground. The interior space of this fly is secured from intrusion by fly boards along the sides, which serve as tables. This is the light diet kitchen of the division of the corps to which it is attached. In describing this, I describe all the other tents used by the ladies here for the same purpose. What is meant by a light diet kitchen may be best known by observing its issues. The daily average of Mrs. Holstein's kitchen is reported as follows: "1 pound of tea; 14 cans tomatoes; 26 cans beef; 20 cans soup-bouilli; 6 cans chickens; 92 boxes jellies; 4 dozen cans milk; 50 papers corn starch; 35 farina; 24 chocolate; 3 buckets sugar; 12 bottles of whiskey; 4 tubs lemonade; 1 tub porter sangaree; 7 buckets milk punch; 2 large cauldrons farina and corn starch; 4 small do; 2 large cauldrons of soup; 2 small do; 1 barrel soft crackers; 72 box hard tack; 1 box dried rusk; 12 bottles home-made wine for flavoring."

If the Restaurant Department of the Philadelphia Fair can do as well as that at each of its tables, and if the money flows in return as freely as do the thanks and praises of the soldiers, the Sanitary Commission may expect a very large revenue. More of this hereafter.

Conversations with the soldiers reveal striking examples of heroism and fidelity to the cause of human freedom, for which our country is now suffering. I will give a few:

1. A tall, fine-built man, lying on a cot,* and turned nearly over upon his face, in consequence of a severe wound in his hip, as he was in conversation with a visitor, said, "You have no idea, sir, of a soldier's life. You sympathize with us and try to do us good; you do us good; we thank you for it, but yet you do not realize our condition. War is terrible. Soldiers learn to endure almost everything. I served three years and have now re-enlisted. I regret that I was wounded so soon, I did want to see the battlements of Richmond, but I am content, if our *army* will only soon see them. On being asked why he re-enlisted if he thought war was so terrible, and the life of a soldier so hard, he replied, "why do you ask me sir?" The inquirer said, "Because I want to discover your true feelings and opinions about the war and the country." He then responded: "I have left a wife at home, (I wrote to her yesterday)—and a mother—(I wrote to her today)—but I thought three years ago that the country needed my services, and I gave them. I thought so after my time expired, and I went in; I think so now, and I am suffering for my country; she is worth suffering for."

2. A lad lying near by him had lost one of his legs, and as he was supported on a rest, overheard the conversation, and said: "Yes, I'm suffering too, I've given 'em a leg, but I only wish them fellers in the North, who don't love the Union, would come down here and lose a few legs and arms, and then they would love their country a little better. I think I'd rather stay here than go home, and have people to laugh me in the face, and say, "it serves you right, you ought to have let the old Union go, and saved your leg. They don't care for us, or for any body, but themselves and their party."

3. A cheerful, hatless, shoeless fellow, was hobbling along on crutches yesterday, in a complete suit of new red flannel—shirt and drawers—and a new pair of woolen stockings, which he had stretched over his drawers after the manner of cavalry boots. His hair was short; and his broad, cheerful face shone with fun as he exhibited himself in the street of the camp. He was quite badly wounded in the thigh, and could not walk without crutches. "I'm going out," said he, "in my Sanitary suit—I'm walking now. On to Richmond, boys; I expect to be back to the lines again in a couple of days. This war must be done right; don't give up, fellows!" So he went by the tents of his companions, exciting their merriment by his appearance, and awakening spirit and zeal in all.

4. A relief agent handed in the following note: "As I was distributing stationery, and writing letters for the boys in one of the Fifth Corp hospitals, I met a poor fellow who had *both legs and one arm amputated.* He looked so cheerful that I playfully said to him, 'the rebs gave you a hard rap this time, did'nt they?' 'Yes,' he replied, with a smile, 'they gave me a big dose this lick.'"

Everybody remarks the cheerfulness, patience and *loyalty* of the wounded. In the front, where supplies are less abundant, where fighting is going on, and where men fall in death by thousands, the same spirit of perseverance, endurance, determination exists, in evidence of which I present the following letter received yesterday:

"There is nothing cheers the men more than to know that the North is true to the Union, that their friends honor the cause of the Union, and will honor them as its defenders. 'What do they think of us at home?' 'Do they think we are faithful and true?' Let us answer these questions as they only should be answered."

Yours, faithfully, J. P.

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* In these hospitals, most of the men have no cots or beds, but are laid upon their blankets on the ground.

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Roars of laughter and congratulations followed, the latter of which our singer gracefully disclaimed with the modest assertion that "some men had the knack at remembering things that stood 'em instead of genius." But dinner was over and we took up our line of march from the regions of eternal night, singing as we went for lack of thought. Reaching camp we found the tents all struck, our horses saddled, and our small Picks and Gumbos running in dire dismay into every cramy and crevice of the adjoining rocks, in the hope of find us. "Lor massa," said one small specimen, about as high as a grasshopper, with his legs in about the same graceful proportion to his body as those of that insect, and forming a very respectable parenthesis in their efforts to reach his nimble little body, "Lor, massa, I thought you'd be leff sure, and wha'd Pick do wid dem two debbil horses?" and Pick, in the ecstacy of relief from his consternation, wiped his shining countenance with the blue and black smoking cap I had received from home a week before, and which had disappeared mysteriously in the interim. What, oh! what would Dulcinea say to see the work of her dainty fingers cooling the brow of her "dusk brother?"

But Pick anticipated the violent remonstance, which he saw trembling at the end of the cane I had cut upon the mountain, and broke out, in unfeigned horror, "Bress the Lor', massa, if dere aint yer smokin' cap, yer done gone loss las' Sunday mornin'! Whar he come from? I do d'clar I don't know nuffin 'bout him: debbil hab him, sure." Where *did* the cap come from? Not out of Pick's pockets, certainly, as I had had frequent occular demonstrations that those receptacles were like the pit in the Apocalypse, bottomless. We left the question unsolved, and rode on with the advancing line. That night we slept beneath our shelter tents, near Trenton, Ga., among a people still bitterly and unreservedly secesh, because they had not yet felt the ravages of war, and learned with what a tender care their beneficent Government protects her suffering children.

Some of the exquisite stalactites which I brought from the cave adorn my desk this moment, serving as weights to keep down the bulky official documents that would otherwise make this strong South wind their post-horse, and fly, like run away slaves, to the mountain fastnesses. I wish I could transfer them to a table in the Great Central Fair, in dear old Philadelphia. But the "General" has rung out on the soft May air. It says "we start in exactly one hour," and I have only time to say all success to the Fair, and undying gratitude to its managers from those of us who have enjoyed already, and the many around me, who must soon be applicants for its bounty.

HOOKER AND SICKLES.

At the time of the late advance of General Sherman towards Atlanta, our regiment was at Rossville, a town about five miles southeast of Chattanooga, consisting of one house, a few negro cabins, and three large barns. Our headquarters were in the old house, occupied "lang syne" by the original and paternal John Ross, Chief of the Cherokee nation, who, by the way, must have been quite a civilized man. We were just at the foot of Missionary Ridge, and at the entrance of the gap through which runs the Ringgold road. A fine spring is hard by, and it is an excellent place for troops to halt for rest and water. One day Geary's division had just passed by on its way to the front; the balance of General Hooker's corps was following, and "Old Joe," with General Sickles, was sitting on our porch, when a paymaster rode up with a rueful countenance, and told General Hooker that he was at a loss what to do with his money; had $250,000 for Geary's division; didn't know where Geary was; might be in the face of the enemy, etc. etc., and would like to get rid of the money. The General's eyes twinkled. "My dear sir," said he, "nothing easier than to relieve you. None of the gentlemen present, I am sure, would object to an equable distribution." "Not at all," said Sickles, gravely shifting his crutches, "it would not only relieve our friend the Paymaster, but also our own necessities." Hooker finally told the puzzled Paymaster "that General Geary's division had gone on, but that he could pay it when it went into camp that afternoon; that he had no doubt the men wanted the money, and he would afford him every facility to pay them. Orderly, bring up the horses." Then they mounted, and Sickles, giving his crutches to an orderly, screwed his stump to the saddle, and they were soon out of sight.

SMALL ITEMS OF THE FAIR.

We owe many thanks to the *Evening Bulletin*, as indeed to *The Press*, *North American*, and nearly every journal in Philadelphia, for favors shown to our little sheet. But special gratitude is due to the proprietors of the newspaper first mentioned, from the fact that they have every day sent promptly to our table several copies of their second edition, all of which have passed from the hands of our Daily Fairies like hot cakes. As this phrase is French we will not apologize for it with quotation marks .....Apropos of those same Fairies, one being asked why all were dressed in black and white, remarked briefly: "Printers ink on paper."".....The Delaware dames have certainly contrived to put some very fascinating specimens of Blue Hen's Chickens on guard over their goods. *Our Daily Fare*, is, we believe, not bad, but if it required any additions it should certainly be from such poultry, to be treated, of course, *en gallant ine.* There now, get out your cook-books!

.....Those who would remember the Fair, and show *savoir faire* and good taste together, should wend their way to the book table and buy "Flowers from the Battle-Field," a charming little volume, winsome without and wondrous sweet within, by M. T. C. Busy as *Daily Fare* is, we have found time to read nearly all the delightful lyrics in this most delightful book, and have—*parole d'honneur*—but one fault to find with the volume. It is not one-twenty-fifth part as large as it ought to be. "The Duchess of Marlborough's Revenge" is one of the upper five hundred of English poems, and will live after cotemporary volumes now believed to be immortal shall have been forgotten.....Mr. Croaker has several times visited one of the tables in Union Avenue, but made no sign of serious purchasing intentions. Taking up, the other day, a large family pin-cushion, got up in the round solid-shot style, he inquired, "And pray, now, what *can* that be for?" "For *you*, of course, Mr. Croaker." In the twinkling of an eye Mr. Croaker was observed carefully loading his hat with that solid shot, using his left hand and arm for a rammer.....We are requested to notice that "T. Borradaile, opposite the Post Office at Mount Holly, N. J.," has come forth with the following:

The undersigned, a veteran of 1812, and prisoner of war in one of the "floating hells"* of England, in 1813, proposes to be one of a club of one hundred men, or ladies, Heaven bless 'em! "Last at the Cross and first at the Sepulchre!" to contribute $10 each—$1,000—for one hundred tickets of admission to the County Fair grounds on the 18th instant, to be "donated," NO! Perish the thought—in such a sacred cause! to be *paid* to the SANITARY COMMISSION, as a small *instalment* of the countless debt we already owe the brave defenders of "our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor," and who are now pining in prisons and in hospitals.

God save the Union. T. BORRADAILE.

——*Prison ships.

Well, Borradaile, we agree with you in saying perish the word DONATED. Never having seen it used in any connection in which *given*, or, at worst, *presented* would not better answer the purpose, we quite coincide with this strong utterance—and may "proven" and "in our midst" pass away to oblivion with it. Advance, oh Borrodaile!

The polished stranger who enquired at the perfumery table for cologne made from *farina*, was referred by a fair attendant to the Cornstarch department, but soon returned with the observation that he wished the extract of flowers and not flour. He explained that he "wanted the Rhenish perfume from the most celebrated houses of Cologne on the Rhine, the fascinating sweetness of which is not approached by any of the imitations which flood our market with their sick-famile libels." He meant fac-simile labels; but he had been placed in such an awkward position owing to that farina, and be hanged to it! that his little error was at once overlooked. He obtained the genuine Francois Marie Farina extract, and departed perfumed and happy.

From this point there is a fine view of the cave, which presents the illusive appearance of being an extended cavern or subterranean passage underlying the whole mountain. The music of the trickling water falls pleasantly on the ear, and the lights, seen in the distance, lend enchantment to the view. The second section of the central figure is a faithful representation of a white-pine forest, the profile of the ground or side of the hill being in strict congruity with the trees and vegetation. The third section is a scene in Norway. A belt of dark green native forest trees, with occasional patches of grass, where the deer browse, give variety and relief to the scenery. The fourth section is an elaborately cultivated French garden. A parterre, with flowers, sections of turf, statuary, vases, all the choice productions from every clime, fountains, the whole crowned with a splendid specimen of the Agave Americana. This is a fair illustration of what landscape gardeners would term an irregular taste, but producing, by great profusion and variety, a charming effect. The fifth is an exhibition of an iron and coal mountain. Rough sandstone formation, slate, coal and iron ore, with laurel and hemlock, are its particular features.

The design in this instance is forcibly carried out. The last section is intended to convey a topographical appearance of a hemlock region. Broken shade, tumbling debris and decaying matter, fully continue the harmony of the natural proportions. Surmounting the central picture there is a rustic summer house, which is reached by winding steps, formed out of the projecting rocks.

There are no less than thirty light "booths" or halls in the Pittsburgh Fair, each filled with articles of utility and beauty. In the Curiosity Shop, and the Mechanical Department, there is much not only to interest and to instruct, but also to excite the admiration and sympathy of those who have been steadily working from the begining for the relief of those who are fighting in our stead.

The pecuniary result of the patriotic effort of our Pittsburgh colleagues is, of course, not yet known, but the indications are ample that it will be highly creditable.

ITEMS BY A CAVALRY MAN.

BUZZARD'S ROOST, May, 1864.

On the march from Stevenson, Alabama, to Bridgeport, in September, 1863, the wagon trains passed by way of a pontoon bridge across the Tennessee, while we forded the stream several miles above. The ford was the deepest we had ever seen, our horses swimming for many yards, while we sat like monkeys on the saddles, with our legs curled under us. Now and then a plunge, and a volley of not very suppressed execrations, told of a drenched soldier and dripping baggage, lost frying-pans or escaped housewives. Tired and wet, we encamped for the night at Cave Springs, at the foot of Raccoon Mountain, a spur of the since famous Lookout. The next morning a party of us set out to explore Hill's Cave, which was discovered last spring, and might pass for the original of Cudjo's Cave, did it not labor under the disadvantage of being some miles south of that classic rendezvous. Provided with torches, we descended into the habitation of the gnomes, and paused in the gothic chamber, which is hung with exquisite draperies of stalactitic formation, upon which the effect of the torch-light is enchanting. There are windows surmounted by the gothic arch, at irregular intervals around the room, upon whose architraves the newly forming stalagmites look like pale roses blooming, silent blossoms, white, rigid, odorless, moist with eternal dew. We were silent for a moment after entering the room; then Lieutenant W. quoted:

"Deep in the earth,
Lies the land of the gnomes;
In that country
Are neither stars nor meadows;
Moonlight and starlight
Shine not upon them.
Birds do not sing there;
Barley does not grow there;
Bees and flies
Saw I never there.
They see no clouds,
Yet sometimes rain
Falleth upon them
Down through the rocks.
But it is very light
In the land of the gnomes,
For they have bright stones
Which flash in the dark
Like the eyes
Of an angry wolf;
So the house is lighted."

The echoes of his voice died away slowly, and as we listened for the answering song of the Melusina of this cave, the light of coming torches shed its thousand hues upon the walls of a distant passage. Each crystal burned like diamonds as the lights came near, and a loud hallo! was answered by our own. Away rolled the voices into the "white darkness" of the unexplored cavern, and out trooped a little party with our dear old General Rosecrans at its head. They had been lost in these catacombs for nearly an hour, and their bronzed faces had already begun to reflect the pallor of the surrounding walls. Happily we had not lost *our* clue, and piloted to the upper end the man who then held the key of Tennessee in his strong grasp. Returning, we passed through the Spring Chamber, in which was a fluted column (stalagmitic) 15 feet high, and about 4 in diameter, very symmetrical in its proportions. Further on is the bar room, in which is a bar, and one side of it an entrance into what we called the Wine Cellars. Here, having by strict investigation discovered the presence of a few "hard tacks" and some cigars, we resolved to lunch, if that may be called a lunch which is to be followed by no dinner.

Seating ourselves upon the dwarf stalagmites that clustered around one of larger dimensions, we felt like immortals "sitting on golden stools at golden tables!" Our ambrosia was hard tack, and of nectar we only dreamed, as "floods of Chian" rarely flow with an army on "the advance." But the flow of soul amply atoned for the slight deficiency. Then, perhaps for the first time, the world-old rock vibrated to the sound of Yankee voices, and then and there we gave a toast: "Vicksburg and Charleston; long may their sieges live in song and story! and may Americans never forget Grant and Gilmore!" which was gravely *eaten* in a stout "McClellan pie." The bulletins had deceived us; Charleston was not yet ours, but none the less honor to Gilmore, and may he prove as efficient in Virginia as he did before Charleston! Then followed a song from our two Yale boys, who had thrown away their hopes of the "wooden spoon," and have since laid them down to sleep—one under the willows of Mount Auburn, beside quiet friends; the other on the stony face of old Lookout, wrapped in a comrade's blanket, among hundreds of his powerless enemies. But no thought of death was there as the old college song rang out, with its air, we all know now as "Maryland, my Maryland:"

Lauriger Horatius, quam dixisti rerum;
Fugit Euro citius tempus edax erum;
Ubi sunt, o pocula dulciora melle?
Rixae, pax et oscula rubentis puellæ?
Crescit uva molliter, et puella crescit,
Sed poeta turpiter sitiens canescit.
Quid juvat aeternitas nominis, amare
Nisi terrae filias licet et potare?

Then uprose a gallant captain, who had captured more prisoners than any other man in the regiment. A fearless, genial fellow, who had proved himself such a magnet to all soldiers that, in engagements, he is often sent to the rear to rally stragglers. At the first sound of his cheery voice, at the first sight of his uplifted sabre, these weak fringes of the army cluster around him as if he were their flag, and back he rushes into the heat of the conflict they have just fled, his little legion behind him, echoing his shouts with all the enthusiasm his courage has inspired in them. Now, the captain knows about as much Latin as the King of Dahomey—*E Pluribus Unum, lex talionis, vi et armis, veni, vidi, vici*, and *et tu Brute* comprising about his whole stock in the language.

"Gentlemen," he said, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, "I rise to a point of—eloquence. Allow me to propose that the soul-inspiring song we have just heard under circumstances of such peculiar interest, be sung in the vernacular for the benefit of the illiterati who may be present. I offer you a translation, whose crowning merit is that it is purely literal, and as it was written by a friend some years ago, I may mention that it is an impromptu."

Hurras greeted the proposition, and the following was given:

Laurel-crowned Horatius, listen to my story,
Time flies by on eager wing—with it war and glory.
Soon will come, O, brothers, dear! lips of sweetest honey,
Peace and kisses, blushing girls—yes, and piles of money,
Grapes are growing home for us, maiden's love is near us,
White-haired poets sing our deeds, country's love must cheer us;
Soon will come, O, brothers, dear! lips of sweetest honey,
Peace and kisses, blushing girls—yes, and piles of money.

TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

BY F. W.

Proudest of all earth's thrones
Is his who rules by a free people's choice;
Who, midst fierce party strife and battle groans
Hears, ever rising in harmonious tones,
A grateful people's voice.

Steadfast in thee we trust,
Tried as no man was ever tried before;
God made thee merciful—God keep thee just!
Be true!—and triumph over all thou must;
God bless thee evermore!

GREAT CENTRAL FAIR, June 16, 1864.

OUR OWN GREAT CENTRAL FAIR.

THE PRESIDENT'S VISIT.

The visit of our worthy President, on Thursday last, in company with Mrs. Lincoln and General Lew Wallace, was an event in the history of the Fair, and the occasion will not soon be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to be present.

A dense crowd of people assembled in Union avenue to greet the Chief Magistrate of the nation, and the scene at the moment the President entered the eastern door, as witnessed from the music gallery was one of striking magnificence. Beneath the waving banners and flags of all nations was the surging mass of ladies and gentlemen, all decked in their holiday attire, and all bent upon a view of the President. Mr. Lincoln's form towered far above the heads of the people, and at every turn he was saluted with the hearty cheers of those present. Tiny flags were waved by tiny hands; handkerchiefs and fans did duty with those of larger growth, hats were whirled high in air, and, altogether, the like of the spectacle has never been witnessed before in Philadelphia.

Mr. Lincoln was received by John Welsh, Esq., in behalf of the Committee, and after a vain attempt to form a passage through the crowd, the President and his *suite* were escorted to the committee room, while arrangements were made to clear the way for a more comfortable view of the buildings and their contents. Mayor Henry and Chief Ruggles superintended the police arrangements, and after an hour's absence Mr. Henry returned and was saluted by Mr. Lincoln, who was ready to start, with the query: "Well, what do the engineers report?" As the report was satisfactory the tour was resumed and completed with more satisfaction than at the first trial, although the pressure was still far from agreeable.

Mrs. Lincoln, who was in charge of the ladies, reached the building before Mr. Lincoln did and had a better opportunity to inspect the goods and decorations. She left on the West Philadelphia stand a beautiful Japanese flower stand.

Hon. Edward Everett visited the Fair in the morning without any knowledge of the President's contemplated visit, and he formed in the afternoon one of the distinguished guests, with Governor Cannon, of Delaware.

The inspection over, the President and his *suite*, were taken to the banquet room of the Committee, where a cold collation was spread. At the close of this, the health of the President was proposed by Mr. Welsh, and in response, Mr. Lincoln made one of his characteristic speeches. His announcement that the war had been accepted in the line of restoring the national authority over all the national domain, that with the help of God, it was proposed to fight it out on that line if it took three years more, was received with such enthusiasm as is rarely accorded to a public speaker. Hon. Edward Everett, Gov. Cannon, and General Wallace, were called upon for speeches, and their responses were in keeping with the occasion.

On behalf of the Ladies of the Committee on Medals, Ex-Gov. Pollock, presented the President with a Silver Medal, struck in commemoration of his visit to the Great Central Fair.

The entertainment was not closed until after the buildings were illuminated, and before leaving, the President and his party had an opportunity of witnessing the brilliant effect produced at night. On Friday morning Mrs. Lincoln was escorted to the Art Gallery, where she was able to fully inspect the collection of paintings.

The whole affair passed off with credit to all concerned.

The Fair was crowded yesterday, as usual, all was merry, and the work went bravely on. We continue our notices of the most noticeable features of the great display, beginning with the Department of Art:

THE ART GALLERY, NO. 2.

One of the finest pictures in the collection which has been gathered together in the Art Gallery of the Great Central Fair, is Hasenclever's Workingmen's Petition, deposited for exhibition by Mr. Ferdinand J. Dreer. The picture represents the meeting of the town council, or a body of German burgomasters, during the troublous times of 1848. A window in the rear is open, and through the casement a mass meeting in full career, with a popular orator haranguing the people, can be distinctly seen. A delegation of this democratic gathering has entered the apartment, represented in the foreground, and they are about to present a petition to the official gentlemen, demanding a recognition of their political rights.

The artist thoroughly understood the subject he undertook to illustrate. The half-abashed, half-defiant air of the workingmen, who have taken so bold a step as to petition the powers that are, is finely portrayed, while the artist hits off to the life the amazement and concern with which the officials present look upon a movement which threatens such disastrous consequences to the ancient order of things, where one class was considered born to serve uncomplainingly, while another class claimed the right to rule without question. The city councilmen, or burgomasters, in one group, are finely presented by the artist. There are countenances among them that plainly indicate the anxiety of their wearers concerning the new order of things, while the fat, beery old burgher in the foreground, who is wiping the perspiration from his brow, and puffing off his amazement at the unwonted scene, is a fine fogyish offset to the progressive Young Germanyism of the wiry and bearded workingmen, who so suddenly find themselves in such unaccustomed company. Like all of Hasenclever's pictures, this splendid work is complete in every detail, every figure being a study, and the whole forming a group as lifelike as though it had been photographed from the reality.

No. 68 in the collection, a fine picture by C. Von Wille, entitled The Bone of Contention, and the property of Mr. Joseph Harrison, Jr., is an exquisite work of art. Two dogs are represented in the act of fighting for a bone, and the picture is so life-like and natural, that we almost expect to hear the angry snarling of the canines who are struggling so fiercely for the prize which lies beside them. As a picture of genuine animated nature, this work has no superior in the collection.

Haseltine's picture of the Seven Mountains is an exceedingly fine painting. The coloring is managed with great skill and effect, and the toning is exquisite.

No. 362 on the Catalogue, which is denominated "the Light House, coast of Holland," is a capital picture. It represents a beacon-light upon the sea coast, with a man mounted upon a ladder and in the act of trimming the lamp in the lantern. The artist has managed his sea and sky with consummate skill, and he has not forgotten to pay due attention to the *nose* and countenances of the man whom he has introduced in his picture.

"Franklin Before the Privy Council," is a picture that will always command attention. In it Schussele, the artist, has represented the "Printer Philosopher," before the Magnates of England, when the question of Colonial rights and Colonial grievances was beginning to attract the attention of the "Lords and Commons," and when "Agent Franklin" was summoned to Saint James, to be questioned concerning American affairs. The artist has made a decided hit in the Portraiture of the Lightning-tamer, and of the free and easy-looking lords and ladies before whom he has been called.

"Day Dreams," by Couture, will commend itself to all lovers of the really truthful and

Our Daily Fare.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 18, 1864.

THE SANITARY COMMISSION.

ITS ORIGIN, ITS OBJECTS, AND ITS WORK.

IT has been a principal object of the conductors of this little journal to give it permanent value by making it a record of the Fair movement throughout the loyal States, as well as an exponent of our own Great Fair. To this end we have published a series of articles relating to all the great Fairs in aid of the Sanitary Commission of which we could procure satisfactory accounts. Being well assured of the value of such a record, we took an additional step and sent a correspondent to the Army of the Potomac to procure authentic accounts of the system, and the means by which the bounty of the people, contributed through Fairs and otherwise, is distributed among the soldiers, and applied according to the design of the donors, in actual practice in the field.

The letters of this correspondent, giving full and satisfactory details on those important points, are now in course of publication, the one printed this morning being the sixth of the series. We now propose to advance another step in the same general direction. In this and in the future numbers of the paper, we shall endeavor to present in brief and clear form, such editorial statements as will explain the origin of the Sanitary Commission, the nature of the organization, its original and present duties and objects, its means and opportunities for doing good, and, so far as our restricted limits will allow, the beneficent results which have attended its ministrations in the army and elsewhere. This will give some completeness to the design of our paper, and we trust will aid one of the noblest schemes of human benevolence the world has ever seen.

The idea of a Sanitary Commission first came to the official notice of the Government through a letter written in June, 1861, by Dr. R. C. Wood, then acting Surgeon-General, to the Hon. Simon Cameron, then Secretary of War. In this letter Dr. Wood suggested the appointment of "a commission of inquiry and advice in respect to the sanitary interests of the United States forces." Such a Commission was made necessary by the pressure which the sudden and large increase of the army had imposed upon the Medical Bureau. It was not intended to interfere with the existing medical organization of the army, but to cooperate with and strengthen it by "introducing and elaborating such improvements as the advanced stage of medical science might suggest, more particularly as regards the class of men who, in this war, may be called to abandon the comforts of home, and be subjected to the privations and casualities of war."

Such was the original idea of the Sanitary Commission, and its appointment was authorized by the Secretary of War, on the 9th of June, 1861. In the official order the Commissioners were directed to inquire into the principles and practices connected with the inspection of recruits and enlisted men; the sanitary condition of the volunteers; the means of preserving and restoring the health, and of securing the general comfort and efficiency of the troops; the proper provision for cooks, nurses and hospitals; and other subjects of like nature. They were ordered to communicate to the Medical Bureau, from time to time, their views and observations.

By virtue of the authority thus conferred, the Commission was organized on the 16th of June, 1861, and its first business was to set to work to improve the sanitary condition of camps, quarters, hospitals and men, all of which were sadly in want of just such attention as it was the object of the Commission to bestow. Indeed, there was, for a while, well grounded fear of epidemics breaking out in many of the camps, on account of the inefficiency of inexperienced officers, and the general neglect of sanitary measures and precautions. In a very short time after the Commission got fairly to work, there was visible everywhere, in the camps and in the hospitals, and in the persons of the men, a most salutary change. The ventilation and cleanliness of camps and quarters were closely observed; the provision for the removal of offal and filth was made certain and efficient; the quality of the water-supply, of food, and of the cooking, was carefully looked after; the salubrity of the camp site was inquired into; the hospitals were put on an effective footing; the men were constrained to observe habits of personal cleanliness; and inexperienced officers were warned of the perils to which unclean and unwholesome camps, bad ventilation, and bad cooking, exposed the men entrusted to their charge.

But these excellent changes were not the only immediate fruits of the workings of the Commission. Its efforts brought the influence of the medical profession throughout the United States to bear upon the Government; they effected the extension and invigoration of the Medical Bureau, and secured the recognition of the important principle, that the *prevention* of disease in the army, as well as its cure, is one of the highest duties of the Medical Staff.

The extent to which attention was awakened to these vital matters, has been, and is of incalculable benefit to the army and to the country. The amount of disease has been lessened to an extraordinary degree, and the percentage of mortality largely reduced. In all this, the Commission was working directly toward its first great object: "to economise for the National service, the life and strength of the National soldier."

But, as the war advanced, other duties devolved on the Sanitary Commission. The Government was doing all that any Government had ever done for its soldiers, and a great deal more; but even this was not enough to satisfy the patriotic desires and large-hearted liberality of the people. They wished to supply the soldiers—who were their sons, brothers, fathers, kinsmen—with as many of their home comforts and home attentions as could possibly be engrafted upon army life.

With this view they sent forward from all parts of the counry large quantities of food, fruits, delicacies, and appliances for the sick and wounded, much of which was lost, some of it rotting away and perishing in storehouses for want of adequate and organized means of distribution. In course of time the Sanitary Commission became the Great Almoner of this popular bounty—authorized by the contributors and recognized by the Government; and in this capacity it has distributed relief to the value of about fifteen millions of dollars—money better spent than any money ever was in the history of war.

Having thus traced the origin and objects of the Commission, we shall next consider its organization, its means, its necessity, and its most happy effects.

LIBERALITY.

It is said by people who know, that it is much pleasanter to give than to receive. Our own experience being confined principally to the former, we cannot pretend to be a judge in the matter, but we take the maxim on trust, and are duly grateful that we are not subjected to anything less pleasant than giving. The various devices in the Fair enable us to gratify our desires in this respect to the fullest extent and at the very lowest price. We daily make some handsome present to the most distinguished men of our country. We are constantly giving silver vases, swords, canes, baby houses, Afghans, screens and coverlids to Presidents and Generals, and have acquired, by the occasional expenditure of fifty cents, quite a patronizing air in speaking of these celebrities. There is really nothing in the world like associated capital. It effects all the great objects of the Commission, and elevates us, by the disbursement of postage currency, into a liberal benefactor of our species.

PEOPLE GENERALLY value most what they have least of. Every young man affects to be older than he is; every old man younger; every poor man richer, and every rich man poorer.

sel, W. T. Richards, H. G. Hirne, T. Roberts, J. H. Mole, S. J. Ferris, J. D. Harding, Thos. Faed, J. E. Buckley, J. A. Houston, H. Jutsum, J. Marony, Eastman Johnson, and scores more whom we cannot here enumerate.

In the Art Gallery there is a number of fine pieces of sculpture and of moulding in clay. Among the statuary is an infant "Bacchus," by Trechell, which is the property of Joseph Harrison, Jr., Esq., and an exquisite *Agnus Dei*, by Steinhauser, which was presented to the Fair by Miss S. Stevens, of Princeton, N. J.

Vanderlyn's "Ariadne," which has become the property of Mr. Harrison, is made the subject of a special exhibition at the Fair. To praise this exquisite gem to those who have seen it, is like painting the lily and gilding refined gold. Mr. Harrison has also thrown open his splendid picture gallery in his mansion, Eighteenth street, below Walnut, for the benefit of the Fair fund.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE METROPOLITAN FAIR.

BY A WOUNDED SOLDIER.

The Dramatic Committee, like the Constitution of the United States, was destined to a more important work than its original framers imagined. It was constituted to draw into the insatiate maw of the Fair all of those things represented by the term "Public Amusements." Private theatricals were at first deemed rather impossible, in so immense a society as that of New York, made up, too, of such different elements. Mr. Wallack, as the veteran of the drama, was first approached, and readily responded with "Rosedale," which brought the Committee in $904, and the check for the same was given at a private supper the same evening. The other theatres, such as Mrs. John Wood's and others, responded most generously. Mrs. General Fremont (one of the members of the Committee, and whose ability is immeasureable) got up an opera of "Cinderella" at Niblo's. The troupe was composed of her own children and those of her friends, with a little girl to play *Cinderella* whose right to beauty and genius is hereditary. It was a *perfect* performance, and Mrs. Fremont gave the Committee no care in the matter except that of receiving a check for the neat sum of $3,000.

But it was as the patron of six private performances that the committee won its undying laurels. The laurel has other qualities than that of forming wreaths. It is said to be a poison, deadly and certain. Whether the wrinkled brows of the committee suffered from this quality of the "plant of immortality" I know not, perhaps an occasional headache must always be the price of fame. Mr. Jerome was just then beginning his beautiful theatre, on Twenty-sixth street. He offered it to the ladies of the committee, for the month of March, if they chose to get up some private plays. It was, of course, accepted. I am told the first rehearsals in a theatre not yet half-finished were dreary and dusty. Be that as it may, Mr. Jerome has but to rub his ring, and frescoes start out of the wall. The rehearsals and the painters—Art and the Drama—flourished together. The committee were so fortunate as to have Mr. Lester Wallack among their number, and he had the great kindness to take out of his busy life, time enough to attend all the rehearsals, and to instruct a party of amateurs in the exceedingly difficult art of dramatic representation.

The stage is such an artificial atmosphere, the perspective is so different from that of every-day life, that an *expert* can alone tell how to walk it, to speak on it, and above all to *leave it.* "You leave your character behind you," more certainly when you make your exit as an actor, "R. H. E." than in any other position of life, see that you leave it gracefully. The Committee committed many mistakes, but it made the golden maxim, one that should be written on every private theatre, it was:

' *The Stage Manager should be Absolute.*" No throwing up of parts without his will; no denying his authority; no acting on "one's own hook." So it came about that these plays which, thanks to Mr. Wallack's skill, patience, knowledge, and authority, were carefully rehearsed and diligently criticised, came to be played with a propriety and finish which astonished every one.

It was the great good fortune of the Committee to have so well-bred a troupe of ladies and gentlemen that there were but few of those quarrels which seem to form the inside element of almost every private dramatic corps. Two or three served "to point a moral and adorn a tale," and at one crisis it was currently reported that the Dramatic Committee met, and voted Life a Failure, but an excellent lunch, prepared by their hostess, restored them to hope and renewed exertion.

> But the stories which were told of them,
> Who shall number the waves of the sea?

Let him alone who dares such an arithmetical profanity attempt to number the stories which were told of this Committee! At first they attempted to deny some of them, but gave it up in despair, and determined to "Live it Down." Obliged to shut the doors of their committee room and of the theatre to the outside world, they were obliged, like all great bodies who "sit in secret," to be condemned openly; but the time came when the too-much injured public acknowledged that their work was good, and their cash account is now among the things which are to be respected.

After numerous discouragements, the first performance came off on the 6th of April. It was the play of "Circumstances alter Cases," translated from the French by Mr. W. J. Hoppin. It may not be improper to say that one of the "Queens of Society" played the pretty and capricious "Madame D'Long" in her own winning and elegant manner. That the part of "Mathilde" fell into the hands of a *young* lady, who won not only laurels, but roses, praises and smiles. That Mr. W. H. L. Graham rendered the difficult part of "De Sol," lawyer and favored lover, in a very neat and finished manner. The moral of the piece was considered perfect by the legal lights, as it gave the pretty woman to the lawyer. How the rest of mankind view this is a matter for future meditation.

The great *prima donna* of society, after this play, threw herself into the most passionate scene of "Linda," with all the lyric and dramatic talent for which she is so famous. She was ably supported by Madame D'Angri and Mr. Barry and Signor Mougiardine, so that the operatic performance was surpassingly good. The farce of the "Buzzards" finished this most successful evening.

The Dramatic Committee breathed freer and deeper. The five-dollar ticket buyers considered themselves "saved." The theatre was just as beautiful as it could be, the women were more so, and the toilettes—words fail here. *Virfolet! magicienne* that you are, from the "fair and sunny land of France," how can you make such pretty dresses? To be sure, the men call you "*fearful*" when they look at your bills, but one must suffer that thousands may enjoy!

The second evening opened with "the Ladies' Battle," famous for the excellent rendering of "De Grignon" by Mr. A. Rodney Macdonough, followed by a scena from "Hernani." This piece was much admired, and very carefully and well played in all its parts.

The third evening was filled by the "Follies of a Night" and the roaring farce of "A Dead Shot."

"The "Follies of a Night," is the most charming of all plays for private representations. Its costly costumes, its dramatic situations, its continuous interests make it almost play itself; so this evening may, from these accidents, be considered (except the last,) the most successful night of the season. Mr. Edward Henry Anderson, who played the "Duc de Chartres" was very much the "Grand Seigneur" in dress, appearance and acting. This gentleman has historical, as well as histrionic right to talent, as he is the grand-son of the author of the Libretto of "Don Giovani," Lorenzo da Ponte. Mr. Charles Fearing played "Pierre Paillot" admirably, showing much humorous talent. The "Duchesse" and her "Lady in Waiting," were most charmingly dressed and played like perfect ladies, than which I know no higher praise. Mr. Emmet, played "Dr. Druggendraft"very well.

In the "Dead Shot," Mr. W. P. Talboys

beautiful in art. A handsome boy has fallen to musing among his neglected books and toys, and the countenance of the dreamer plainly indicates the workings of innate thought and fancy. This is, unquestionably, the finest specimen of *genre* painting in America, and is, in many respects, the best picture in the Hall. It is a first-class work by one who at present ranks as first among French artists.

No. 464, representing a Carnival in the city of Arras, by L. Montz, is a picture that will delight all who love precision and completeness of detail. The painting was executed fifty years ago; but the faces and figures in it are just what the faces and figures of persons under the same circumstances would be A. D. 1864. In view of "Modern improvements," one actor in the busy scene illustrated upon the canvas, will attract attention and provoke a smile. A youngster, with the implements of his trade slung over his back, is soliciting custom, and there is not a person who is familiar with street-scenes in front of the State House or the Continental, or in the vicinity of the Exchange, who would not instantly put into the mouth of the youth "Shine your boots, sir?" True art is for all time, simply because it follows nature faithfully.

Among the great pictures in the collection is Paul Weber's "Monastery of Maddona dell Sasso," on Lago Maggiore. The subject of this grand painting is "Our Lady of the Rock," a group of Monastic buildings, and a church in the town of Locarno, at the northern extremity of the Lago Maggiore. The town is Swiss, and one of the three capitals of the canton Tessin. In the foreground are the Monastic buildings, and in the background, towards the north, are some of the lower spurs and ranges of the great Alpine chain, on which the snow is lying. Between the monastery and the lake the houses and buildings of Locarno are imperfectly seen. On the borders of the lake is a low plain, the deposit of numerous mountain torrents which here flow into the lake; and, in another part of the picture, at the extreme northerly portion of the lake, a similar alluvial plain is seen. The cluster of white buildings on the opposite side of the lake is the town of Magadino, behind which rises the imposing bulk of Monte Cenere. The scene lies in Switzerland; but all the characteristic features of the landscape, such as foliage, sky, &c., are Italian. How well the artist has pictured these, crowds of delighted visitors will abundantly testify.

Frith's "Derby Day" is just such a picture as a pencil-plying Dickens or a modern Hogarth would delight to paint. There is nothing fanciful or fantastical about the painting, but all is as exact in its fidelity to nature and to life as though it had been limned by sunlight through the medium of the magic *camera*. We have illustrated here every phase of English metropolitan life, from the beggar to the petty thief and sharper, the fortune-teller and showman; the silly shop boy, the wearied lorette, out for a holiday, the *roue*, the man-about-town, and so on up to the genuine lady and gentleman. Every figure is a finished portrait of a character in real life; each is as perfect as art can make it, and the whole forms a picture that can only be objected to by those who more affect fancy than fact, and who love sentiment better than practical reality.

A large painting by Carl Hubner, called "The Emigrant's Last Visit to the Family Grave," is a contribution to the Fair, and for sale. It was the liberal gift of Miss S. Stevens, of Princeton, N. J., and it ranks among the better class of the many splendid paintings in the collection; the quiet half-concealed grief of the widowed Husband and Father, at leaving for ever the resting place of the departed; the deep concern depicted in the face of the eldest daughter, who comprehends all that she is leaving and sacrificing, and the semi-reasoning and wholly bewildered look of the younger children, are all portrayed most exquisitely upon the canvas. Like all of the many works of this great painter, the picture is complete in every detail, and the critic has no drawbacks in the way of neglect or carelessness on the part of the artist, to mar the enjoyment of a grand and complete whole.

Preyer's picture of fruit, which is numbered 123 in the catalogue, is an exquisite gem, which deserves more than a passing notice. The fruit is drawn and colored to the life, but the crowning glory of the work is a goblet of wine which stands upon the table, and the artistic use the painter has made of it. He has managed, with fine taste and exquisite skill, to introduce into this goblet-picture his own portrait, as though it was reflected from the spectator's stand-point, and an open window, through which a street scene is witnessed. This "conceit" was more than once used by early Flemish artists, who, if we may believe Vasari, first learned it from an Umbrian artist, but we have never seen it more effectively employed than in this picture by Preyer.

"The Apple of Discord" is too well known by all who are familiar with art and artists to need special notice at our hands. The crowds constantly gathered about it during the hours the gallery is open, evince the general appreciation of this exquisite painting.

Mr. J. Buchannan Read's picture of Undine, also attracts its full share of attention. The symmetry of the limbs of the fair Spirit of the Water, and the delicate drapery in which they are enveloped, give abundant evidence of the skill of the poet painter.

Unless our readers were content to have the pages of *Our Daily Fare* made a mere catalogue of the pictures in the Art Gallery, we we must refrain from any full or detailed notice of its contents. We must be satisfied with a mere reference to the names of some others of the pictures, and of their limners, and so dismiss the subject.

Among these fine works of art are a "Scene from As You Like It," by Rothermel; the "Departure for the War," by Lang; a fine Norwegian landscape by Herzog; an autumn scene on the Wissahickon, by Moran; Creisham creek, by the same artist; "Spring" and "Autumn," by Dubufe; "Petitioning the Doge," by Becker; "Portrait of President Monroe," by Gilbert Stuart; "Ichabod Crane and Katrina Van Tassel," by Huntingdon; "Portrait of Madison," by Stuart; "Hero holding the Beacon," by T. B. Read; an exquisite marine painting, by De Haas; "Canova," by Sir Thomas Lawrence; "Bears on Bender," by Beard; portrait of Garrick," by Pyne; "The Convalescent Mother," by Fluggen; "The Nuremberg Toy Maker," by Enhouer; "The Conservative," by George C. Lambdin; a fine landscape (numbered 309), by Hart; "Landing of the Northmen, Finland," by Leutze; "View in Fifeshire," by Harzett; "Mother and Child," by Allston; a Madonna, by Murillo; "Chimborazo," by Mignot; "Beatitude," by Landelle; fine landscapes by Gifford, Kensett, and others; "Napoleon, Murat and Ney at Moscow;" "Windsor Castle," by Moran; "Prince Hal at his Father's Bedside;" "The Judgment of Solomon," by Rothermel; and some exquisite pictures of grapes by G. H. Hall.

Among the artists whose works grace this gallery, and whom we have been compelled to dismiss with little or no notice, are Greuze, Dubufe, Leutze, Boddington, Paul Weber, Gilbert Stuart, D. Huntington, J. F. Kensett, L. Lang, Schuessele, Hazeltine, G. R. Bonfield, T. Moran, Thomas Sully, G. C. Lambdin, A. Scheffer, Read, Connaroe, Durand, J. G. Brown, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Guercino, J. F. Cropsey; E. D. Lewis, Russell Smith, Henry Inman, Rembrandt, Loutheberg, Wilson, Isabey, Edward H. May, Callcot, C. L. Muller, E. Moran, De Haas, Washington Allston, Vanloo, Horace Vernet, Wittkamp, R. Peale, W. T. Richards, W. S. Mouut, Xanthus Smith, J. F. Herring, Boutelle, Hicks, Lilly M. Spencer, W. P. Frith, C. L. Blauvelt, A. F. Tait, Thomas Birch, J. S. Audubon, Spagnoletto, Cassilear, Lawrie, Healy, T. P. Otter, Furness, Sontag, and many more of high merit.

There is an apartment at the eastern end of the Art Gallery, which is set apart for water-color sketches. In this collection there are some fine pictures from such artists as Turner, Clarkson, Stanfield, James Hamilton, Copley Fielding, J. B. Pyne, F. O. C. Darley, Corbould, H. B. Willis, Wittkamp, Wehnert, Henry Warren, Ed. D. Lewis, J. Russell Smith, Paul Weber, A. Penley, J. A. Houston, Miss M. L. Wagner, Louis Haghe, T. M. Richardson, John Absolom, Birkett Foster, S. B. Ben-

and Mr. J. T. Ruggles, were "too funny to live," and as for "*Louisa*," when shall we look upon her like again?

The fourth, fifth and sixth nights were repetitions of the first three, with some alterations in the scenes.

At last came the sixth and last. "The house was crowded to its utmost capacity," as the papers say, with a well-dressed and most refined audience. New York's fashion and distinction were there. The play was again the "Follies." The actors all improved very much on their second performance. The scena was again "Linda;" the farce "The Dead Shot." Everything went off in the most unexceptionable manner, and the Dramatic Committee went off, too, the happiest Committee that had ever hoped and despaired, been abused and had abused back again, had fought and won, and had added about $16,000 to the treasury of the Fair.

ANON.

WILLIAM PENN.

From Bancroft's History of the United States we extract the following truthful remarks in reference to the great founder of our noble State, the only one in the Union named after its founder:

"This is the praise of WILLIAM PENN, that in an age which had seen a popular revolution shipwreck popular liberty among selfish factions; which had seen HUGH PETERS and HENRY VANE perish by the hangman's cord and the axe; in an age where SIDNEY nourished the pride of patriotism rather than the sentiment of philanthropy; when RUSSELL stood for the liberties of his order, and not for new enfranchisements, and SHAFTSBURY and LOCKE thought government should rest on property, PENN did not despair of humanity, and though all history and experience denied the sovereignty of the people, dared to cherish the noble idea of man's capacity for self-government. * * * * * * * * There is nothing in the history of the human race like the confidence which the simple virtues and institutions of WILLIAM PENN inspired.

"PENN never gave counsel at variance with popular rights. England to-day confesses his sagacity, and is doing homage to his genius. He came too soon for success, and *he was aware of it.* * * * * After more than a century, the laws which he reproved began to be repealed, and the principle which he developed, sure of immortality, is slowly, but surely asserting its power over the legislation of Great Britain. * * * * Every ill name, from Tory and Jesuit to blasphemer and infidel, have been used against PENN; but the candor of his character always triumphed over calumny. His name was safely cherished as a household word in the cottages of Wales and Ireland, and among the peasantry of Germany; and not a tenant of a wigwam from the sea to the Susquehanna doubted his integrity."

"His fame is now wide as the world. He is one of the few who have gained abiding glory."

The infidel VOLTAIRE pronounced the following tribute to PENN'S Treaty with the Indians: "This was the only treaty between the red people and the Christians which was not ratified by an oath, and that was never broken."

HOW THE SANITARY IS WORKING IN THE FIELD.—No. 6.

[From our Correspondent with the Army of the Potomac.]

WHITE HOUSE, June 10, 1864.

To-day nearly one thousand Confederate prisoners left this place for "Lookout." Some of them were sick and wounded. These were placed in tents, and a requisition sent to the nearest station of the Commission for canned fruit and beef, lemons, farina, rice, soft crackers, &c., which were freely given, and most gratefully received. As those who were able marched upon the boat, a Union officer, who stood near, said, "I have only returned from Richmond a few months since, and I can but think of my imprisonment there as being in strong contrast with the imprisonment of these men. I am glad of it. I am proud of our Government, that in its determined patriotism it is not cruel or vindictive." No rebel soldier, when he falls among us, is neglected because he is a rebel.

In visiting the different encampments to-day I was impressed with the number of independent agencies there are in the field here, and was led to some reflections as to the work in which they are engaged.

There is the Christian Commission, of whose work you know; the German Relief Society; and the agencies of Maine, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Michigan, Ohio, and Indiana. I have not seen a Pennsylvania agent, though I am informed there is one. In addition to these there are church and private organizations—all here to do good; but, for lack of proper views of the work, fail to accomplish the good they had hoped to. Imagine all the representatives of these associations vieing with each other in alacrity to feed and comfort the wounded as they come in, or after they have been located in hospitals. On this subject one of the agents of the Commission, having charge of a certain corps station, writes as follows:

"A train of three or four hundred was expected, and we were notified that the men would need supplies of food, &c., from us. We at once began to prepare all that our store was capable of in anticipation of their need. I also procured from the supply tent eight pails of soup, and a volunteer force to distribute it. The hospital cooks, roused to unwonted activity by the supposed emergency, prepared large supplies of soup and coffee.

"The Christian Association, who had also been notified, bent their energies to the work of preparing food, stimulents, etc., and various state organizations hearing of the expected arrival, did their share. The consequences of this extensive preparation were somewhat ludicrous, and threatened for a time to be quite serious to the innocent victims of it. Torch, light processions of milk punch, farina, gruel, soups, coffee, tea, biscuit, and boiled potatoes, were soon converging to a common centre, and the small band of wounded suddenly found themselves surrounded with new dangers, from which there seemed no way of escape. A crowd of benevolent emissaries encompassed them, who were loaded down with supplies for their relief, and each of whom, impelled by philanthropy, was bent upon distributing his burden among them. In spite, however, of their most frantic efforts, and the extraordinary capacity of some of the recipients, who saw fearful risks in their readiness to oblige, a large proportion of these supplies had to be carried back to their respective depots."

This is not an overdrawn picture. Neither is it inapplicable in its spirit or narrative to what may be seen continually. There are many objections to this indiscriminate, unsystematized method of distribution. The waste of supplies attendant upon it is enormous. It educates the people to erratic, lavish expenditure. It injures the soldier by over-feeding, with comparative luxuries, after a protracted habit of digesting "hard tack" and beef rations. It promotes jealousies and disaffection. It interferes with army discipline. It is an evil that ought to be corrected. The remedy lies with the people.

Two persons were found here yesterday from Philadelphia, with a good show of supplies in boxes. They had a tent, and went among the soldiers to see what was needed, and I found them sitting together wondering what they should do. They had been entrusted with supplies by their friends, and felt bound to issue them. They could not do it wisely alone. They could not turn over their goods to the Sanitary Commission, because some private society among their personal friends had contributed them. Such societies impose a task upon their representatives, and assume a responsibility themselves, the burden of which they do not realize.

There is but one safe method to insure uniformity and economy, and that is to have one medium of distribution, and that medium to co-operate with the constituted authorities of the service.

A COLORED BOY.

While I was writing letters in the 9th Corps, I saw a little negro boy who had one of his legs amputated, who was a servant of a captain, and received a severe wound while serving his master during an engagement. The little fellow was lying on the ground, with a small box for his pillow, when the ward master came in with a mattress for him. He hesitated to accept it, and looking around among the others, said: "Reckon somebody wants it more than I do; if they does, they must have it." Nobody wanted it.

Yours, faithfully, J. P.

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